MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

SEPT #18

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KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

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KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

ANDERSON

HI! I'M **LOUISE JONES**, EDITOR OF **X-MEN**, THE **CONAN** COMICS AND, OF COURSE, **KA-ZAR**. SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT WE EDITORS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS **DO** ALL DAY, SO EVERY MONTH, ON THE INSIDE COVERS OF **KA-ZAR**, I'LL SHOW YOU.

A LOT OF ENTHUSIASTIC, SOMETIMES HEATED DEBATE GOES ON AROUND MARVEL ABOUT HOW TO IMPROVE OUR COMICS. WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, **JIM SHOOTER** AND I WERE DISCUSSING **KA-ZAR**. ARTIST **BRENT ANDERSON**, AS USUAL, WAS OFF IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN...

WHAT WE NEED IN KA-ZAR IS MORE **ACTION**, LOUISE!

YOU MEAN MORE SEX...

NO, NO! MORE **ACTION**! TELL JONES TO SCRAP ALL THAT URBANE DIALOGUE AND MAKE IT MORE GRIPPING...

GRIPPING...

I WANT **EXCITEMENT**! I WANT **THRILLS**! I WANT **BLOOD** AND **THUNDER**!

BLOOD AND THUNDER...

DRIVE HOME THE POINT! WHAP-WHAP-WHAP! BASH-BASH-BASH!

uh, JIM...

BRENT? BRENT? OH, MY LORD!

IT'S OKAY, JIM... HIS DRAWING HAND IS UNDAMAGED!

Concept: **JONES, JONES and ANDERSON**

Script: **BRUCE JONES** Photography: **FINGEROTH**

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • BRENT ANDERSON BREAKDOWNS • ARMANDO GIL FINISHES • DON WARFIELD COLORS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • LOUISE JONES EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KEVIN, THIS IS *SILLY!* WHERE ARE WE GOING?

S'MATTER? DON'T YOU TRUST ME?

DOES THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHY YOU'VE BEEN SNEAKING AWAY FROM CAMP AT NIGHT?

SHH! QUIT GUESSING! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

I HEAR--IS THAT A WATERFALL I HEAR?

SURPRISE!

OH!

OH, KEVIN!

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A STRANGER IN PARADISE

YOU LIKE IT? IT'S EVEN GOT RUNNING WATER AND INDOOR PLUMBING!

I, UH... I SORTA THOUGHT MAYBE IT COULD BE FOR JUST THE TWO OF US... YOU KNOW...

OH, KEVIN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

SAY 'THANK YOU' AND COME HAVE A LOOK INSIDE.'

THIS WAY, MADAM... WATCH'A STEP!

THIRD FLOOR... LINGERIE...

OH, IT'S ALL SO *NEAT*-- SO *MODERN*! YOU'D NEVER KNOW WE WERE IN AN ANTEDILUVIAN JUNGLE IN THE MIDDLE OF ANTARCTICA!

DON'T LOOK NOW, FOLKS, BUT I THINK HE JUST CARRIED HER OVER THE THRESHOLD!

HERE WE HAVE THE *AHEM*- GROWN-UPS PLAYROOM... AND OUT HERE--

--M'LADY'S BATH!

A HOT SPRING, YET! WELL YOU'VE CERTAINLY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, DARLING.

BUT WHAT ARE THOSE *OTHER* ROOMS FOR--THE *LITTLE* ONES?

UH... I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, SHANNA. WHERE DOES YOUR SCIENTIFIC MIND STAND ON THE ISSUE OF CHIL--

RMM

MM

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

IS THAT A PLANE ENGINE?

IT *IS* A PLANE! LOOK! THERE AT TWO O'CLOCK!

HEY! HOLD ON! WHAT'S THE PANT-PANT RUSH?

IT MAY BE A SEARCH PLANE LOOKING FOR THAT MISSING MAIL PILOT THAT WRECKED LAST MONTH! C'MON!*

YEAH, BUT... WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO--

*KA-ZAR #17--L.

--*LAND* AROUND HERE?

THAT'S A VERY GOOD QUESTION...

...I HOPE THEY HAVE AN ANSWER!

LOOK... THEY'VE DISAPPEARED BELOW THE TREE LINE...

KA-CHOW!

HEY, WHERE DID ZABU GO?

ZABU? HEY-- ZABU??

KEVIN! THAT WAS GUNFIRE!

AND SECONDS LATER, AT THE EDGE OF CRYSTAL LAKE...

DID YA GET 'IM, CHARLIE?

NOT YET, HE'S FAST! BUT THIS TIME I'LL--

NO WAY, CHUMP!

SORRY, PAL, BUT WE'RE KINDA SHORT ON SABRE-TOOTHS AROUND HERE AS IT IS...

SLIMY, STINKIN' SAVAGE--

KA-CHOW!

MY NAME IS KEVIN PLUNDER-- THEY CALL ME LORD OF THE SAVAGE LAND-- AND THIS IS--

SLIMY? NOW WAIT A SEC!

I MAY STINK A LITTLE FROM THE SUN AND IT SAYS 'SAVAGE' ON MY SOCIAL SECURITY CARD--

-- BUT 'SLIMY'? WHERE DO YOU GET 'SLIMY'?

KER-WHUMP!!

YOU HEAR THAT, ZABU?--CALLED ME 'SLIMY'! HMP!

NICE LOOKIN' GUN. SMITH AND WESSON, ISN'T IT? KNEW A GUY IN THE STATES WHO HAD ONE OF THESE--

--USED TO CARRY IT IN HIS *PANTS*, OF ALL THINGS!

AGHH!

I THINK THE GUY HAD A REAL INFERIORITY COMPLEX BECAUSE HE WAS SHORT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN, CHARLIE?

OOOO

WOULD YOU MIND? I REALLY *DETEST* GETTING WET!

...NO... UH, I WOULDN'T MIND...

HOW SWEET!

I'M RAMONA CORTLAND, MR.--PLUNDER, IS IT?

THE NATIVES HERE CALL ME *KA-ZAR!*

THIS IS MY FRIEND, SHANNA. SHE'S A VETERINARIAN WHO...

YOUR FRIEND? WHERE?

OVER HERE...

RAMONA? HEY? WHAT ABOUT ME?

S-SOMEBODY TELL THIS C-CAT I... I...

RRRR

SO PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SHANTY, DEAR...

ROWPH!

YIPE!

SHANNA! THE NAME IS *SHANNA!*

SHANNA, OF COURSE... SHANNA PLUNDER...

SHANNA O'HARA. KEVIN AND I AREN'T MARRIED.

DO TELL...

WERE YOU LOOKING FOR THAT DOWNED PILOT? BECAUSE IF YOU WERE, HE'S DEAD.

WHAT A PITY. NO WE'RE A BOTANICAL EXPEDITION, ACTUALLY.

O'HARA...I BELIEVE FATHER EMPLOYED SOME O'HARA'S FROM CLEVELAND... LOVELY PEOPLE, GROUNDS-KEEPERS OR SOMETHING...EXPERTS WITH MANURE...

I-- AHH.. AHH..

CHOO!

BLESS YOU!

DEAR, IT MUST BE THE CAT! I'M ALLERGIC TO THE SMELLY THINGS, I'M AFRAID, I-- AHH.. AHH.. CHOO!

WHAT A PITY!

AH-CHOO

UH, SHANNA, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TAKE ZABU INTO--

RIGHT, WE'RE GOING.

C'MON BABY, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND A NICE WARM MANURE PILE.

THE MINUTE WE LANDED DOC TOOK HIS ASSISTANT, NORM, AND WENT TRUDGING OFF INTO THE JUNGLE. HE WANTED TO BEGIN GATHERING PLANT SPECIMENS RIGHT AWAY.

YOU SEE, HE'S WITH NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AND IS WORKING ON--

NEW YORK? YOU'RE FROM NEW YORK? REALLY?

FIFTY-SECOND AND PARK. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN NEW YORK, MR. PLUNDER?

AM I! I SPENT SOME TIME THERE, MYSELF-- BUT THAT WAS *YEARS* AGO! I GUESS THINGS HAVE CHANGED A LOT...?

DO TELL...

SHANNA AND ZABU SPEND THE AFTERNOON HUNTING, WANDERING AS FAR FROM THE PLANE AS THEY CAN, BUT EVENING FALLS QUICKLY IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, ZABU, WAS SHE TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME, OR WAS I JUST IMAGINING IT?

I MEAN SURE KEVIN'S *CUTE*, SURE HE'S *BUILT*, SURE HE'S *BRIGHT*, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN EVERY FEMALE THAT COMES DOWN THE PIKE IS GOING TO THROW HERSELF AT HIM, DOES IT?

DOES IT?

DAMN YOU, LEANNE, YOU'RE GOING TO GO RIGHT ON HAUNTING US BOTH, AREN'T YOU?

BECAUSE *YOU* THREW YOURSELF AT KEVIN--AND HE *RESPONDED*, YOU'VE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO EVER LOOK AT ANOTHER WOMAN THE SAME WAY AGAIN!

AND WHAT ABOUT ME? I GET SWEPT AWAY FROM KEVIN ONE MINUTE AND I'M *MARRIED* TO SOMEONE ELSE THE NEXT! IF MELE HADN'T *DIED* I'D HAVE--

OH, THIS IS SILLY!

TRUST, THAT'S WHAT A RELATIONSHIP IS BUILT ON!

C'MON, ZABU, LET'S SEE IF YOUR MASTER PUT A MICRO-WAVE IN THAT FANCY NEW TREE HOUSE!

BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?

NOW I ASK YOU, COULD A MAN BUILD SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOR A WOMAN HE DIDN'T LOVE?

KEVIN? HONEY? IT'S DINNER TIME. YOO-HOO!

OH, THERE YOU ARE, LOVE! HOW DOES SOME NICE ROAST ARCHAEOPTERYX, SOUND?

...UH, SHANNA...

...THERE'S SOMETHING I GOTTA TELL YOU...

ZABU, DON'T GO UP THERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

ZABU, BLAST IT! *MIND* ME!

KEVIN...?

AHHH CHOO! AHH-CHOO!

WHAT IS THAT *PERSON* DOING IN MY *BEDROOM*?

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! I INVITED THEM *ALL* TO STAY HERE, HONEY. DR. CORTLAND, CHARLIE, NORM -- THEY'RE FROM NEW YORK! ISN'T THAT GREAT? *NEW YORK!*

TRUST!... TRUST!...

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S VERY SWEET! FORGIVE ME, DARLING.

REALLY?

SURE, I DON'T MIND SLEEPING OUTSIDE, I'M USED TO IT.

IT'S ONLY FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, SHANNA, I PROMISE!

NO SWEAT. C'MON ZABU.

...TRUST... TRUST...

THE DAYS GO BY. DR. CORTLAND, AN AGING EXPLORER IN HIS SIXTIES, BUT STILL SPARKED WITH ENTHUSIASM, UNDERTAKES HIS TASK OF PLANT COLLECTING WITH A FERVOR, TURNING THE UNUSED KITCHEN INTO A LABORATORY...

NORM, A TACITURN MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH A SCAR AND A GRUDGE, TAKES HIS ORDERS ONLY FROM DR. CORTLAND, IGNORING KA-ZAR AND SHANNA FOR THE MOST PART AND TOTALLY AVOIDING RAMONA, FOR WHOM HIS COMTEMPT IS OBVIOUS...

CHARLIE IS GUARDED AND HOSTILE WITH THE JUNGLE COUPLE. ALTHOUGH HE FOLLOWS RAMONA AROUND LIKE A PUPPY, SHE SCORNS HIM, PREFERRING THE COMPANY OF KA-ZAR...

AND WHAT ABOUT DISCO?

DISCO IS DEAD, MY DEAR! WHERE *HAVE* YOU BEEN?

TELL ME EVERYTHING! I WANT TO KNOW IT ALL!

HA-HA! WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME BACK *WITH* US AND FIND OUT ABOUT IT FIRST-HAND?

WE COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN THE BIG APPLE! I'D TAKE YOU TO ALL THE BEST PLACES!

YEAH?

YEAH!

KA-CHOW!

RAMONA! ARE YOU CRAZY?

SNAKE

MIGHT HAVE KILLED HER.

IT WAS JUST A BABY BOA! IT COULDN'T HAVE HURT ME!

IF YOU KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT THE JUNGLE, YOU'D--

YAWN-- HOW ABOUT A WALK, KEVIN? I'M GETTING BORED WITH THIS!

UH... YEAH. MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.

WE'LL, UH, BE BACK IN A LITTLE BIT, SHANNA...

WHY DON'T YOU, UH, TAKE A NICE COOL SWIM...

...OR, UH, SOMETHING...

AND SECONDS LATER, ON THE LIMB UNDER WHICH RAMONA JUST STOOD...

CHUNK

DAMMIT! DAMMIT! DAMMIT! DAMMIT!

C'MON, SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO! I WANT TO SEE SOME REAL JUNGLE STUFF--SOME REAL SAVAGERY!

CAN'T WE JUST TALK?

OH, ALL RIGHT, BUT THIS IS EMBARRASSING!

KA-ZAR AGILE AS MONKEY...

M-M, THOSE MUSCLES...

HALF-GAINER WITH A FULL TWIST...

... SWIFT LIKE BIRD.

HA-HA! THAT'S MARVELOUS! NOW DO SOMETHING ELSE--SOMETHING *STRONG*! C'MON!

...SHEESH... STRONG LIKE BULL!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE. APPLAUD. THROW MONEY!

RRRIPPP!

HA-HA! OH, KA-ZAR, YOU'RE JUST TOO PRECIOUS! I WISH THOSE SNOTTY BOYS ON WALL STREET COULD SEE YOU!

OKAY, ENOUGH OF ME--YOU DO SOMETHING!

I-I... KA-ZAR! BU-BU-BU-BU--

AH, IMPRESSIONS! LET ME GUESS--PORKY PIG, RIGHT? NO? UH... A BROKEN MOTOR BOAT...? NO? UH...

IT'S A TYRANNO-SAURUS FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

HUH?

WELL, SO IT IS! WHO INVITED YOU ALONG, BUSTER?

GRUMPH!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE THINGS-- ALL THEY EVER SAY IS 'GRUMPH!'

BORING!

OUCH! NICE DENTAL WORK THOUGH.

SNAP!

MY GOD, HE-HE'S KILLING IT WITH HIS *BARE HANDS!*

IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THE BATTLE IS OVER THE MOMENT IT BEGINS...

YOU OKAY, RAMONA?

WHAT'S THE MATTER-- WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

MMPH!

OH, *BABY!* WE DON'T HAVE *ANYTHING* LIKE YOU BACK IN NEW YORK!

THEY RETURN TO CAMP, WHERE DR. CORTLAND, NORM AND CHARLIE WAIT FOR THEM...

FRAGILE

...ALONG WITH SHANNA...

OH, DADDY! KA-ZAR KILLED A TYRANNOSAURUS AND SAVED MY LIFE! HE WAS MAGNIFICENT!

WAY TO GO, HERO! I HOPE IT WASN'T A FEMALE WITH YOUNG!

VERY IMPRESSIVE, YOUNG MAN!

I'VE NEARLY COMPLETED MY STUDIES AND, THANKS TO YOU, I'VE ALL THE SAMPLES I NEED.

WHAT A SHAME--AND IT'S BEEN SUCH FUN, HASN'T IT, DARLING?

THAT'S THE BREAKS, KID! YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!

THANKS, NORM...

WE CAN LEAVE TOMORROW AFTER I FIND ONE MORE PLANT SAMPLE!

OH, KA-ZAR, YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK WITH US!

UH, EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, RAMONA...

SHANNA! WAIT UP!

AND WHAT ARE *YOU* LOOKING AT CHARLIE-LOVE?

HEY...COME ON...

I CAN'T *HELP* IT! I'VE *TRIED!* I *HAVE!* BUT EVERY TIME A PRETTY GIRL HAPPENS BY, IT'S THE SAME OLD--

BABY! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T GO TO NEW YORK OR ANYWHERE ELSE WITHOUT YOU! DON'T YOU?

YOU... YOU MEAN IT?...

C'MERE A SECOND AND I'LL *SHOW* YOU HOW MUCH I MEAN IT!

OH, KEVIN...

EEEEEEEEE!

EEEEE

WHAT TH--

SIGH! NOW WHAT'S SHE UP TO?

WELL, DON'T BREAK YOUR *NECK* GETTING THERE!

RAMONA?

KA-ZAR! IT'S CHARLIE! H-HE TRIED TO--TO--

SHE'S LYIN', PLUNDER!

I TELL YA, SHE'S A LIAR! I NEVER TOUCHED HER!

THEN QUIT RUNNING! I'M NOT GOING TO--

CHARLIE'S TERRIFIED FORM DISAPPEARS INTO THE THICKET. THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE, PUNCTUATED BY A STRIDULENT SCREAM...

CHARLIE!

BLAST IT! I *TOLD* YOU NOT TO RUN!

KEVIN? IS HE--?

OH, *NATURALLY!* HEAVEN FORBID ANYTHING SHOULD GO *PLEASANTLY* TODAY!

KA-ZAR CUTS THROUGH THE POWERFUL MASSETER MUSCLE AND THE THRASHING DIMETRODON LETS GO...

BE CAREFUL, DARLING!

CRIPES! WHAT A BLOODY WASTE OF HUMAN AND REPTILE! I'VE HAD A *GUTFUL* OF KILLING TODAY!

...BUT I GUESS ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN..

'ACCIDENT'? IS THAT WHAT IT WAS, KEVIN?

LOOK, SWEETHEART, I KNOW YOU'RE FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO LIKE RAMONA, BUT--

C'MON! LET'S GET BACK TO THE OTHERS...

...BEFORE SOMEONE 'ACCIDENTLY' BURNS THE HOUSE DOWN.

LATER THAT NIGHT, SHANNA SITS QUIETLY BY HER PRIVATE CAMPFIRE, GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AND RAMONA. SUDDENLY...

RRRRRRR

HUSH, ZABU! WHO IS IT?

IT'S NORM. MAY I SIT DOWN A SECOND?

WELL, GRUNT, WE PUT CHARLIE UNDER...

WASN'T REALLY A BAD SORT, OLD CHARLIE...

..JUST KIND OF STUPID!

DO YOU THINK HE ATTACKED RAMONA, NORM?

HA! NOBODY ATTACKS RAMONA 'LESS SHE SAYS SO. I SHOULD KNOW.

YOU, NORM?

I WORKED FOR DOC FOR TWENTY YEARS. THEN RAMONA CAME ALONG AND--WELL, I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. WHO COULD?

YOUR OWN BOSS'S DAUGHTER?

'DAUGHTER'? HMPH. HELL, SHE AIN'T HIS DAUGHTER! SHE JUST CALLS HIM 'DADDY' 'CAUSE IT'S CUTE! RAMONA'S DOC'S *WIFE!*

HIS *WIFE!*

WELL, I'LL BE--

;SIGH; WELL, AT LEAST SHE'S LEAVING TOMORROW...

...THANK GOODNESS!

NEXT MORNING, KA-ZAR AND DOC DEPART EARLY TO SEARCH FOR A SAMPLE OF THE KULU PLANT...

... LEAVING SHANNA ALONE WITH RAMONA...

BLAM!

MUST YOU? IT FRIGHTENS THE BIRDS.

THE BIRDS? SO WHAT?

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THAT BIRDS HAVE FEELINGS TOO, IS THAT IT, SHANNA DEAR?

PAW!

CATCHING A COLD? YOU SOUND KIND OF SNIFFLY.

IT'S THAT STUPID CAT! KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME! SNIFF!

AND YOU QUIT POINTING THAT BLASTED GUN BEFORE I TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU... MRS. CORTLAND!

TEMPER, TEMPER!

SO YOU FOUND OUT, EH? WHO TOLD YOU, NORM? IT FIGURES. POOR DEAR NORM...SUCH A WIMP...

YOU'RE REALLY SOMETHING, AREN'T YOU? IN A FEW HOURS YOU'LL BE GONE AND WE'LL BE RID OF YOU.

WE? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK KA-ZAR WILL STAY HERE WITH YOU?

YOU THINK ALL HAVE TO DO IS WIGGLE YOUR FANNY AND SHOW A LITTLE CLEAVAGE AND ANY MAN WILL JUMP, DON'T YOU?

WELL THINK AGAIN, HONEY!

KEVIN WILL STAY WITH ME ALL RIGHT, DON'T YOU WORRY!

NOT IF YOU'RE NOT HERE HE WON'T...

YOU SEE, I'M NOT REALLY A VERY GOOD SHOT AT ALL...

...AND THIS WOULDN'T BE MY FIRST ACCIDENT!

AH-AH-AHHHH-

ZABU! NO!

CHOOO!

ZABU, STAY!

SPARROWW!

KEEP THAT STINKING THING AWAY FROM ME...AH...AH--

--CHOO!

BLAM!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, SISTER!

I TOLD KEVIN I'D BEHAVE MYSELF, BUT THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

POW!

GET OFF ME, YOU SKINNY WITCH!

WHILE SOME DISTANCE AWAY...

C'MON, DOC... THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE TARGET PRACTICE...

POW!

I SAID DROP IT, RAMONA! YOU'RE FIRING WILD!

KEVIN? TELL HER TO LET GO OF THIS THING, WILL YOU?

...KEVIN?...

KEVIN!!!

AND AS DR. CORTLAND RUSHES UP...

WELL, SAY SOMETHING, DOC!

IT'S BAD, MISS O'HARA... THE BULLET IS LODGED IN HIS BRAIN. ONLY ONE SURGEON I KNOW OF COULD SAVE HIM, AND HE'S IN MANHATTAN!

MANHATTAN?!

WELL...

...I GUESS KA-ZAR'S GOING TO NEW YORK AFTER ALL...

NEXT ISSUE:

YOU KNOW WHERE!

NEXT MONTH:

WIN-A-BILLION-BUX GAME

NEW YORK NEWS

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1982

P. 59

EXCLUSIVE

SAVAGE IN BIG APPLE

NEWS EXCLUSIVE

LOOSE

APPLE

FINA

WALL STREET EXTRA

AVERAGE DAILY SALES EXCEED 910,000

New Century Publications Inc. Vol. 181, No. 245
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING NEWSPAPER

thwarts street ga

"He was like a wild animal—

BY BRUCE JONES
BRENT ANDERSON

STORIC CAT
QUARANTINE
BRONX ZOO

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

TALES of ZABU!

FLY NOW... PAY LATER

IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY HOT DAY IN THE SAVAGE LAND. EXACTLY THE KIND OF DAY MADE FOR LAZING ABOUT UNDER A SHADY PALM FROND OR STRETCHING OUT FULL-LENGTH IN THE COOL DAMPNESS OF AN EARTHEN CAVE.

BUT, ALAS, THIS WAS NOT MEANT TO BE. THE MAN-CHILD HAD INSISTED ON TRUDGING DOWN TO THE POOL AND SPLASHING AND FROLICKING AND LAUGHING HIS SILLY BLONDE HEAD OFF WHILE THAT BURNING ORB IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM BEAT DOWN MERCILESSLY ON THEIR BACKS.

ALL POOR ZABU WANTED TO DO WAS TO SIT QUIETLY AND DOZE OFF, BUT EVERY TIME HE DID, THE MAN-CUB WOULD SHOUT AT HIM, BEGGING HIM TO WATCH WHILE HE DOVE FROM EVER HIGHER LEDGES ON THE CLIFF'S FACE...

(SIGH)... WHERE **DID** THE CHILD GET THE ENERGY?

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • VAL MAYERIK ART • DON WARFIELD COLORS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • LOUISE JONES EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DID YA SEE THAT, ZABU? IT WAS PERFECT! A PERFECT SWAN DIVE! AND ALMOST FORTY FEET IN THE AIR!

WONDERFUL. COLOSSAL. NOW LET ME GET SOME SLEEP, HUH?

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THIS *NEXT* ONE! I'M GONNA CLIMB ALMOST TO THE TOP! ZABU? ARE YOU WATCHIN'? ARE YOU WATCHIN', ZABU?

I'M WATCHING, I'M WATCHING! VERY GOOD, VERY NICE. JUST KEEP CLIMBING, I'M WATCHING...

SQUADRON LEADER TO BASE! SQUADRON LEADER TO BASE! THERE'S A JAP ZERO ON MY TAIL! LEFT RUDDER IS FOLDED! I'M GONNA ROCK IN! TELL MARY AND THE KIDS I WON'T BE ABLE TO DECOR-ATE THAT TREE FOR CHRISTMAS!

MMMEAARRRRRR

SPLASH!

HE COULD TAKE THE YELLING, HE COULD TAKE THE NOISE, BUT THAT **WATER**, THAT SUDDEN SHOCK OF COLD SPRING WATER ON HIS HOT FUR...

LOOK AT THIS, ZABU! LOOK AT THIS! ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP. THE VERY TIPPY-TOP! BET YOU DIDN'T THINK I HAD THE NERVE, HUH?

YOU WATCHIN'?

PERHAPS IF HE HELD THE MAN-CUB'S HEAD UNDER WATER FOR AWHILE... NOT SO HE'D ACTUALLY DROWN, YOU UNDERSTAND, JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FILL THAT ENDLESSLY CHATTERING MOUTH...

I-I THINK THEY GOT ME, JAKE! THEM DIRTY, STEER-RUSTLIN' SKUNKS! I KIN FEEL HOT LEAD BURNIN' IN MUH GIZ-ZARD! TELL LANNIE AND LITTLE BO I WON'T BE ABLE TO WRESTLE THAT BRAHMA BULL TONITE! AGH! -

YYYAGGHH!

HERE IT COMES, THE PART HE HATES MOST! THE SPLASH! THE AWFUL, COLD, STING-ING **WET** SPLASH! BRRR!

HUH? WHERE'S THE SPLASH?

WHERE'S THE COLD, THE SHOCK, THE WET?

KEVIN?

SKREEEEEEEEEEE

HE COULON'T HAVE--I MEAN, SURELY THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN **SOME** SOUND! KEVIN? YOU DOWN THERE?

KEVIN!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

I'LL BET YOU THINK, WITH SO MANY CREATIVE FOLKS AROUND, WE'D HAVE NO PROBLEM COMING UP WITH FABULOUS, NIFTY IDEAS. ASK EDITORS TOM DEFALCO, ARCHIE GOODWIN, OR ME! ASK WRITER BRUCE JONES! OR ESPECIALLY, ASK BRENT ANDERSON! IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO!

Concept: **JONES, JONES and ANDERSON**

Script: **BRUCE JONES** Photography: **FINGEROTH**